

ESTABLISHED 1877—NEW SERIES.

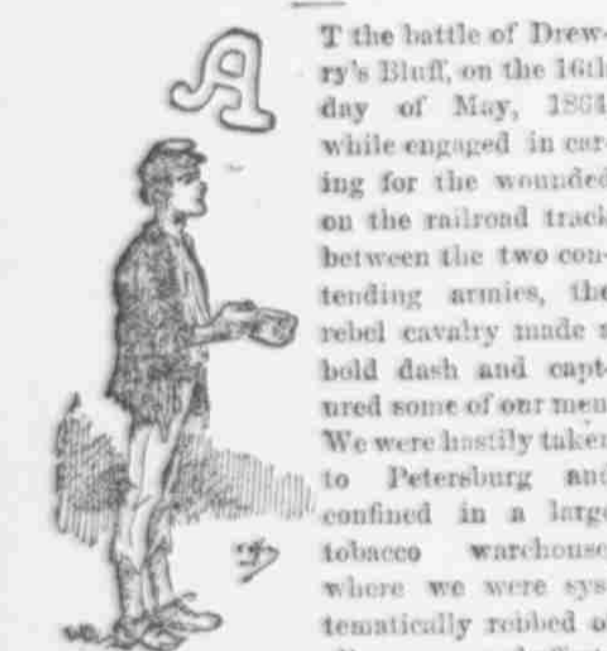
PRISON EXPERIENCES.

What a Drummer Boy Suffered in
Andersonville and Florence.

THE HALF-CANTEEN.

Men Made Brutes Through
Their Sufferings.

PROVIDENCE SPRING.

Another Chapter of the Untold
Horrors of the Prisons.BY ROBERT MCULLY, DRUMMER, CO. B, SIXTH
N. Y.

—watch, pocketbook, pocketknife, lead-pencil and memorandum. I begged hard for the memorandum and pencil, but to no avail. I was, however, allowed to retain a half-pint tin-cup, which proved to be very valuable.

After remaining in Petersburg a few days, we were started for the famous Andersonville stockade. We were transported in box freight-cars with leaky roofs, broken doors, etc., which, after all, was a blessing, as it furnished some ventilation. Owing to the poor condition of the Confederate railroads at that time, we were several days and nights going from Petersburg to Andersonville, a distance of about 600 miles. We were crowded 60 in each car. As they were but eight feet wide and 28 to 30 feet long, we were compelled, in lying down, to all lie on our sides and face the same way—a row on each side of the car—our legs locked together in the center, with our arms for pillows and the bottom of the car for a mattress. We could not

REMAIN IN ONE POSITION LONG, and one could not turn unless the whole did, as we were packed very closely together, and when we could stand it no longer someone would yell out, "Boys, let's turn over!" "All right!" And to the right or left, as the case might be, flop, and over we would go. Thus we passed several days and nights, until we reached Andersonville, on the 1st day of June; and had we been told by the rebels themselves what was in store for us we would not have believed them. The question has been asked thousands of times, "Are the stories as told of the horrors of Andersonville true?"

We say, "Yes; it would be difficult to exaggerate them." We enter the stockade June 1; it is raining; we make a rush for the creek (having suffered much from thirst since leaving Petersburg); we find it full of men trying to wash themselves and their clothes without soap; others using it for nature's necessity. We get as near the head of the creek as we can, and where it enters the stockade, and this is as it comes through the rebel camp outside the stockade. Fifteen feet from the stockade we see a piece of two by four scantling, and poles nailed on top, about three feet high.

THIS IS THE DEAD-LINE. We have been told nothing about it. A man reaches under to get a cup of water. Crack goes a rifle. He falls dead; the ball has entered the top of his head. We ask the meaning of this. We are told by the prisoners who proceeded us that this is the dead-line; we must not get inside of this, or we will be shot.

"But this man was not inside; he only reached under it to get a cup of water."

"Well, all the rebels want is to see a hand under there and they will shoot."

We get our drink of filthy water and proceed to take an inventory of the surroundings. We turn up one of the narrow streets. It has been raining; the streets are muddy and filthy; the sun is now shining very hot. We come to a poor man about 30 years old. He is lying in the street, and dying with scurvy and dropsy; his flesh is so swollen and inflamed that it looks as though it would burst. He begs pitiously for someone to kill him, and says:

"Boys, you know I cannot live. Why don't you put me out of my misery?" It commences to rain again, and the water falls on his burning flesh he says:

"Oh, how good that feels," and passes away.

The next attraction is a man six to eight feet in the ground, with a half of a canteen digging out a pine root for fuel. This looked rough, as we were in the midst of a dense pine forest, with thousands of tall trees in view. It seemed hard that we should suffer so much for wood with such an abundance within a few rods of the prison.

We next turn our attention to a location for a home, for night is coming on and we are hungry. We are told by comrades that we are to have no ration until the next day, and perhaps not then; it was very uncertain. The prospect of living—at least, with any sort of comfort—looked very gloomy.

Our personal effects consisted of cap, blouse, flannel shirt, pants, shoes and stockings, and the tin cup which I had clung to with a firm grip since leaving Petersburg.

I soon found by inquiry and personal observation that every man was for himself, so I lay down on the wet ground and soon fell asleep. It rained at intervals through the night, and when morning came I was in a pitiable condition, but the sun came out warm and dried my clothes.

I had now been a prisoner 17 days, with little or no opportunity to destroy the vermin in my clothes. As the plot of ground about three by six feet that I had used for a bed seemed to be claimed by no one, I took possession of it for my home, and sat down at 9 a. m. and worked diligently for one hour with my clothes off, killing an enemy that proved on the whole to be very destructive to life, as many poor fellows actually had the life-blood drawn from them; that is, they would become despondent, get to thinking of home, would lose their grit, stop "skimming" for "graybacks," and just so sure as a man did not spend at least two hours a day at this most important work he was

SURE TO DIE SOONER OR LATER. The vermin were so numerous that they were not only in and outside our clothing, but on the ground you could see them any time by looking steadily for a moment in the sand.

I now begin to realize what I have got to undergo in order to get out of here alive, and that I must exercise all the will power I can muster. I had said on entering the gate, "I am going out of here alive; I will not die here in this hole." My next thought was to get some kind of shelter, so took an inventory of the different residences in the vicinity. Some had a rubber blanket on the sticks stuck in the ground; this would shelter them from the sun but not from the rain. Others were made of two blankets with a pitch, and was a shelter both from the sun and rain. Such buildings were very scarce, from the fact that most of the prisoners when captured had only their personal effects taken from them, as was my own case. Others had burrowed into the side hill, and propped up the entrance with sticks and woven in twigs to keep them from caving. Prisoners who were fortunate or unfortunate (as the case may be) to get in there when the stockade was first completed, had secured quite comfortable quarters from the logs, slabs and brush, the supply of which seemed to these never would be exhausted. But the first day of June, when we entered the prison, not a stump could be seen, and a bundle of wood eight inches long and eight inches in diameter was worth 50 cents in our money and \$5 in Confederate money.

I next find a house made of sticks and limbs about five feet long, with one end stuck in the ground and the top end tied together with strings and covered over with chunks of bog cut in square form from the swamp. They were easily handled, and when the joints were filled in with clay and rubbed over and dried by the sun, were waterproof. This was the kind of house I decided to build, but where was I to get the material for the framework? It could not be obtained inside the stockade, even if I had something to trade for it, or money with which to buy, so I adopted the plan of going to the gate and begging the officers and guard in charge to let me out long enough to get a handful of poles.

I now determined to see what success I would have in trying to get out to procure poles with which to build my house. I went over to the South Gate with my tin cup in hand, and called to the guards and officers in charge and told them the condition of affairs; that I had no blanket or shelter, or anything but what I had on and the tin cup. They paid no attention whatever to my pleadings, and my prison comrades in the vicinity of the gate only laughed at me, and called me a fool for trying to work upon their sympathy or for trying to get favors from them. I told them I was going to stick it until I succeeded; so I went the next day, and the next, and the next, for 23 days in succession, and staid there the most of the time through the day, only being absent long enough to draw and eat my rations, and from 9 to 10 a. m. and from 3 to 4 p. m. each day to rid my clothes of vermin. Twenty-one out of these 23 days it rained more or less night and day; it would rain perhaps for an hour, then the sun would shine, and we would no more than get dry than it would rain again; thus it was for a continuous three weeks. After I had been at the gate about a week, and the officers and guards had come to know me from the continuous cry of "Say, Lieutenant," (or Officer of the Guard, "aren't you going to let me out to-day to get those poles?" I heard a young rebel officer say, "There is that boy again; he's got right smart girl."



THE CAPTURE OF THE AX.

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AFTER A FEW MORE DAYS OF PLEADING they got so they would smile at me, but never speak to me, and on the morning of the 23rd day I saw the young officer that had been so kind to me many times, and the same one that had spoken of my "grit," standing there with two extra guards, and calling me out. "Here, you come out here!" and instructed the guards to take me to the woods

and get some poles, and to let me take my time. Talk about the enjoyment of a trip to California, Thousand Islands, or White Mountains; this was superior to them all. I got the poles, and by diligent search for a day or two procured string enough to tie the tops together. I completed the framework, borrowed a knife, and started for the swamp to get the bog brick. I had cut out a few when I discovered a pine log about eight or 10 inches underground. I held my breath for a moment, and looked around to see if any of my fellow-prisoners were looking at me. I hastily covered it up, as I knew I had found a bonanza, for there was nothing so valuable as wood.

There was at that time between 25,000 and 30,000 prisoners in the stockade, and we would draw for a week at a time a pint of coarse cornmeal and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt for a day's ration. The rebels would bring in two loads of wood, and when divided a man would have a piece about the size of a lead-pencil. Squads of 10 or 12 men would put their sticks together, put their meal in one dish and let it cook until the fire went out, then divide and eat, whether one-fourth, one-half or wholly cooked. Others who were not fortunate enough to get into a cooking squad, or have a dish large enough to cook in, would eat their meal raw and trade their little piece of wood for tobacco or other commodities, or for cash.

I now decided to abandon further work on my house until that log was converted into money; the difficulty now was to get an ax with which to cut it, as there were but two or three known to be in the prison. The rebels did not furnish, nor would they allow, anything in the shape of tools in the pen. These axes had in some way been smuggled in or found there, and the others had to be very careful unless the rebels would see and confiscate them. The usual price for the use of these axes per hour was 50 cents in our money or \$5 in Confederate money. I looked up the owner of one of these axes, told him what I had found; that I had no money, and if he would let me take his ax I would pay him for it when I sold the wood, or I would give him half the log for the use of it. He said he would take half the log. I got it out, cut it up and sold my half for \$5 in our money. This fellow was in good circumstances; the result of the income from his ax. If a man had plenty of money in Andersonville he could "live like a King," as the rebel Quartermaster was more interested in getting Yankee money than anything else, and would bring in luxuries at the following prices: Flour, 50 pounds, \$90 in our money, \$900 in Confederate money; small Irish potatoes, 25 cents each, Yankee money, \$2.50 rebel money; black pepper in kernel, \$15-\$150 a pound, and other goods same proportion. These goods were sold to Yankee dealers, who in turn sold to the consumers. Flour was sold at retail 50 cents per small tin cup, taken from a flour-sack in loose condition with a spoon. One cup would make two small biscuits. Tobacco could be bought nearly as cheap as in our own lines. Prisoners who had no money with which to buy tobacco, would cut the brass buttons from their coats and trade them with the guards, who prized them very highly, as they thought they were not real soldiers until they wore brass buttons, and they were very scarce, except as

PROTECTED FROM THE YANKS. I now had \$5, and what use could I put it to that would do the most good? My first thought was to buy something to eat, but it would get only one square meal. My next thought was to buy a rubber blanket to sleep on. I had now completed my house, and it was a good one. If I had a blanket to lie on I would be happy. While waiting an opportunity to make a good investment, and hanging around the gate one day, I heard the rebel officer give an order to notify the detachment officers that one man from each mess of 15 could go outside once each day and get wood for himself and the other 14. As soon as I heard this I ran immediately to the old German Sergeant who was in charge of our mess and asked him to detail me. He did so. I was the happiest man in that prison, or boy, perhaps, I should have said, as I was but 19 years old, and had then been in the service nearly three years. That appointment in Andersonville to go out and get wood was equal to a Colonel's commission in the Union army. I could now see an opportunity to invest my \$5 where it would bring a hundredfold, and I did. The time came or us to go out; I did not hurry. The detailed men went out one at a time through the massive gate into the little enclosure, where two guards sat him, and then passed through the outer gate. My whole thought now was to get an ax. How could I do it? I was quite sure we would be searched on our return to the gate before entering the prison, and how could I work the two rebel guards who were with me, as I expected they would keep a constant watch over me? Many thoughts came into my mind as we passed along. Should I tell them of my plan and try to work upon their sympathy, or try to bribe them? The latter I concluded not to do, when it occurred to me that I had but \$5 with which to buy the ax and do the bribing. We had now passed some distance along the road by the side of the stockade, and not far from the cook-house was one of our own men doing a sutler's business on a pine board supported with some sticks stuck in the ground. This Yankee was one of a number who had been given

A PAROLE OF HONOR to go out and cook for the prisoners inside, and the cooking had now been abandoned, but some of the men were still out. This fellow was making the best of the situation, and was speculating in Irish and sweet potatoes, eggs, watermelons, etc. His customers were mostly rebel soldiers. His store was perhaps 50 feet from the road. I asked the guards if I could step up there a minute; they made no reply, but brought their muskets to an order arms, and they remained in the road; just what I wanted them to do. I told the merchant if he would get me an

ax while I was gone, take the helve out and tie a string to it, I would give him \$5 in our money. He said, "All right; I have got one here now." We went on. I got my wood, filled the haversack, which I had borrowed, with pine boughs, which were more valuable in that pen for a bed than feathers. When we came near the stand on our return, I told the guards I wanted to step up there again to get something I had bought. I had brought a knife, and started for the swamp to get the bog brick. I had cut out a few when I discovered a pine log about eight or 10 inches underground. I held my breath for a moment, and looked around to see if any of my fellow-prisoners were looking at me. I hastily covered it up, as I knew I had found a bonanza, for there was nothing so valuable as wood.

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CUTTING DOWN THE STOCKADE.

opportunity came, slipped the ax in and tied the string.

Now the tug of war was certainly coming. Could I get through that gate without losing my prize? Every man had to throw his wood down and be searched. There had a great many preceded me, and the searching officers were well-nigh tired out. As I came to the gate and threw the wood down one of the searchers said:

"What have you got in that haversack?" "Pine boughs for a bed, sir," was my reply, and with that he ran his hand in and stirred around until he was satisfied, and let me pass in. The next day, when I went out for wood, I stopped again and arranged with the sutler to throw the helve in the road when he saw me returning, and I would pick it up as wood, which was about all a Southern ax-helve was. So far as shape was concerned, they were made perfectly straight, with a slight knob at the end to keep the hand from slipping off. I picked it up and carried it in with my wood. I was now in shape to enter into a profitable business, and my entire time must be given to it, and I must give up the pleasant duty assigned me of going out after wood. I had not yet accumulated boughs enough for a bed, so went out the next day, and on my return saw, just outside the gate,

A FELLOW-PRISONER IN THE STOCKS facing the sun, drawn up so that his toes just touched the ground. As we came nearer I discovered that he was dead; had been in there 24 hours and died there; was put in for trying to escape.

In order to take care of my ax, which needed constant watching, I gave up the pleasant duty of "toting" wood to another. I got 50 cents an hour for the use of the ax, and it was in constant demand. Was then living quite comfortably; had a mud house, pine boughs to lie on and a blanket (which I bought for \$5) to put over or under me, as the case might require.

We were having terrible times with the "raiders," so called, a class of roughs and cut-throats who were living on the death of others. They became so bold and predominant that they would murder men in the daytime. Their principal victims were among the newcomers, who were arriving almost every day. They would watch them and when night came would rob them, and if any resistance was made would cut their throats.

Six of these raiders, among them a man nicknamed "Mosby," the ringleader of the gang, were tried by court-martial and hung by the law-abiding prisoners.

WITH THE PRINCIPAL RAIDERS GONE, and an organized body of police, we had much better order after that. About that time the stockade was enlarged on the north side by eight or 10 acres; the prison had become so crowded that there was hardly room for the men to lie down. We were given to understand that when the new stockade was completed around this inclosure, the guards would be withdrawn from that end of the stockade and we could go through. We knew there would be fun when that time arrived, from the fact that the prisoners were suffering as much as ever for wood with which to cook the meal, and those hundreds of large timbers were valuable to cut up for wood and staves for pails, and slabs with which to make shelter, and when we got through into the new inclosure there were the stumps, tree-tops and brush to be fought for by those who were strong enough to stand up. We knew the police would have no control, as they would be as much interested as any in securing some of the precious commodity. These timbers were hewn from the tree, were 21 feet long, 12 inches square, and sunk six feet in the ground. They were as close together as they could be placed. On the outside of the stockade, a short distance apart, and about three feet from the top, was a platform, with a pair of stairs or ladder leading to it, and on the platform the guards were stationed overlooking the prison. On each of the four corners of the prison outside was a battery of artillery of six guns, so arranged that every part of the inclosure was covered by their range. The question has been put to prisoners many times since then, "Why didn't you make a break and go through that stockade, over

power the rebels, take their arms, and march into the Union lines?"

In answer I say: 1. Nothing could be done without organization. We were continually fronted with the mouths of 24 cannon loaded with grape and canister, with the order before us that if we congregated in groups of over 100, they would fire into us. 2. There was a stockade 15 feet high, with guards on top, only short distances apart, with loaded muskets. 3. Where was the strength to come from to knock down or climb the stockade? Men who were living on raw meal and stock peas (as they were called then, a black bean with a bug in every other one—we cooked bugs and all), and clothes wet for three weeks at a time, were poor specimens to make a break under those circumstances. The result of such an attempt would have resulted in the

DEATH OF EVERY MAN IN THE PRISON.

The time was now near at hand that we were to break through into the new inclosure. I began to see the need of one or more partners in business for self-protection. The larger and stronger the squads or messes were, the better they were off; they chummed together generally in squads of from two to six. I made up my mind that I would find from a new squad of prisoners who had just arrived three or four good partners. I knew I would have no trouble in entering into a copartnership, as I had an ax and a blanket. I found four very acceptable companions, whose names I have forgotten, also their regiment, but I think they were from Vermont or New Hampshire; one of them afterward died while in our mess.

We arranged a program for the rush at the stockade. When the signal should be given we were to keep together, cut down and pile up what we could of the timbers, and hold them if possible; after that we were to let the ax. I had had exorbitant prices offered me for the use of it to cut down the timbers—as high as \$10 per hour. The time came, and every man who was able to stand up and fight made a rush. Our squad was armed with four good clubs and an ax. We chopped as fast as we could and secured four pieces. The ends that were left in the ground were quickly dug out by other squads with half canteens. This was the most general and useful tool used in the stockade. They were used to dig wells, carry water, cook in, dig tunnels, etc. The most of the timbers were dug out with those half canteens. It took but a short time to complete the work; they were all down when we had our fourth stick cut. Squads of two, three or four men would have a timber nearly dug out when another squad, who thought they were stronger, would jump in the hole, and, driving the weaker party out, would take the stick. We now let our ax during the day and used it ourselves at night. We selected a spot close against the new dead-line, at the extreme north end of the stockade, split up two of our sticks into slabs, made the sides and back of our new house, and the roof was composed of two blankets; the other two sticks we put in front and against the tent, so when sleeping we had our feet against them, and when

ANYONE WOULD TRY TO STEAL THEM the movement of the sticks would awaken us. Don't think that all of those 30,000 men were thieves, cut-throats and dishonest, for they were not. But it was difficult then, even as now in our peaceful, moral and cultured times, to get as many men together without having some rascals among them. We were now good ways from the creek, up high on the hill. The distance from water, and its filthy condition, compelled the inhabitants in our part of the city to dig wells. It was quite an undertaking, as we knew we would have to go very deep. We could get no favors from the rebels by way of tools to dig with, or ropes with which to draw up the dirt. Our principal tool was the famous half canteen used for so many purposes. Our Yankee canteens were made of two pieces of heavy tin nearly the shape of a saucer, soldered together. By parting them you had two useful articles. With these we dug wells from four to 80 feet deep, according to the distance from the creek. A number of men would club together and dig; tearing up their clothes and braiding them together for ropes to let down and haul up the digger and the dirt, and water after we got it. A haversack was generally used to put the dirt in. One thing was very favorable to the digging of these wells. After you struck the sub-soil there was a kind of white fat that did not cave, so we had no trouble from that source.

These wells, where they were near the dead-line, were often used as a starting point for tunnels. This was the principal method of escape from the prison, and they were commenced as near the dead-line as possible. It was a long, tedious task, generally taking three or four weeks to do the work, for the dirt all had to be carried to the creek or swamp in haversacks, or blouses generally. From four to six men were usually let into the secret.

THEY ALWAYS WORKED IN THE NIGHT, never in the day time; would commence in the center of their tent and dig a hole eight feet deep, when a well was not used, then tunnel as near as a level as possible under the dead line; they were obliged to go eight feet deep, as the stockade timbers were six feet in the ground. The mode of digging was to take a half canteen and a haversack, fill it with earth, and pass it between your legs to the man back of you, and he would take it while another was being filled, and back up, dragging the earth, during those terrible times, when traffic in human beings suffered more than did we. In the middle of the afternoon the train stopped at a water-tank supported by posts about 10 feet high, against which there was a ladder reaching the top of the tank. I was looking out of the car door before the train stopped, and saw this tank for supplying engines, and I made up my mind that I would leap from the car, climb the ladder, and with my little tin cup get a drink of that water. I knew I was running much risk of getting shot, but it seemed to me that I should certainly die with thirst if I did not have water to drink as soon as the train stopped I jumped and ran for the tank. There were scores of men in the same condition as myself, that leaped simultaneously from the whole train, but the car

was very kind to some of the men. Of course we could not all expect safety from them; those who did receive gifts, got a towel or a piece of soap, or something of that kind. The time finally came for us to be taken to the Florence Stockade. We all knew where we were going, about the middle of the train we were going, and the rebels were aware that we knew it, so placed a very strong guard over us. The usual number of 60 were put in box and cattle cars, with four guards in the car and a score or more on top, heavily armed with rifles and revolvers. The condition of the railroad can best be determined from the fact that we were from early in the morning until 11 o'clock at night going 104 miles—about seven miles an hour. The majority of the prisoners on board it was the most aggravating day of their prison experience. It so happened (either purposely or otherwise) that the rebels were about the day before we started) a small piece of raw salt pork and corn-bread for our rations; just enough to increase our hunger and thirst, and those who were fortunate enough to have canteens got very little satisfaction from the brackish water that was in them, but the great majority of us were without anything to carry water in, so were entirely without, as poor as it was. As

THIRST IS MUCH MORE AGGRAVATING THAN HUNGER. The day was extremely hot and muggy, and our misery was complete. We begged and pleaded for water, but to no avail. Sixty men beings huddled in each box-car, on a hot, sultry day in South Carolina, without food or water! I doubt if the African slaves in the hold of the trader's ship, during those terrible times, were in as bad a condition as we were. I was in the middle of the afternoon the train stopped at a water-tank supported by posts about 10 feet high, against which there was a ladder reaching the top of the tank. I was looking out of the car door before the train stopped, and saw this tank for supplying engines, and I made up my mind that I would leap from the car, climb the ladder, and with my little tin cup get a drink of that water. I knew I was running much risk of getting shot, but it seemed to me that I should certainly die with thirst if I did not have water to drink as soon as the train stopped I jumped and ran for the tank. There were scores of men in the same condition as myself, that leaped simultaneously from the whole train, but the car

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(Continued on 2d page.)

Experiences

AND

Adventures

IN DISTANT LANDS.

An Extended and Interesting Excursion

in North China.

THE SUMMER PALACE.

Wandering Among the Tombs

of the Ming Dynasty.

BY T. DIX BOLLES, U. S. N.

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WELVE miles from the City of Peking, to the northwest, are the grand ruins of what was once the Summer residence of the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom. It was sacked, burned, and blown up by the French and English soldiers at the time Peking was besieged; wantonly ruined, for no possible good was gained, save only the immense treasure which the allies carried away.

When Peking was threatened with an attack, the Emperor, his household and Supreme Council left the city for the Summer



THE RUINED PALACE.

Palace. Out of that they fled just one hour before the French soldiers surrounded it, taking nothing with them. Even the women were left behind. The Emperor, casting to the wind his usual sacred invisibility, left on horseback, with a handful of attendants. Up to the moment of his flight, his Council had made him believe that the "fan-qui," or foreigners, were defeated and put to flight. Twenty-four hours later it was a mass of ruins, and, having been polluted by the hand of foreigners, it has never been rebuilt. So, when in 1872 I visited it, one could fully realize the effects of

WAR AND PILLAGE.

Billy and I set out from Peking at about 9 a. m. the day after the other two of our party, Bob and the Crowler, left us. We immediately reduced our train and put it on a war footing. Three carts, the servants, spare horse, and a boy, were sent back to Tientsin. Our food, money and sleeping-bags were packed in the remaining car, which we sent on ahead to a village on the main caravan line, where we intended resting the first night after the visit to the Summer Palace. This village was in nearly a direct line from that place to the Ming Tombs.

Starting out by ourselves, we left the hotel, and, riding slowly through the streets of Peking, left it by the "Great North Gate," in the tower of which are the water-clock



TO THE MING TOMBS.

(the Imperial timekeeper) and the great drum, on which the hours are sounded. The clock consists of three huge cylinders of stone placed on steps, so that, as the water escapes from the upper, it goes into the next lower, and when it is full, into the next. It escapes little by little,

DROP BY DROP.

and, as the lower fills, its rise indicates upon a gage the time. The flow of water has, of course, to be exactly regulated, so that equal rise takes place in equal time. A gage is always present to watch for and strike the hours.

The North Gate, like the other three, consists of a double wall, with a long inclined way leading up from the outside. When you enter the outer arch you have to pass around a stone screen, which closes entirely from sight the inner entrance and forms a small fort, whose guns sweep the outer entrance and the road beyond.

The inner part of the gate forms a tower higher than the wall of the city, which forms the first gate, and from the chamber where the clock is, a fine view of country and city may be obtained.

Heavy oak, iron-bound doors close both arches, and upon the top of the wall and the top of the tower are guns used to defend the city.

Emerging from the two gates we rode for